

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.
FIGHTS TO COME.

SAM HURST, the Champion (who is now staying with Bob Bretnor for a short time), will make a match with Young King on his own terms, win or lose with Jim Mace.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT HICKEY.—1. Pike's Opera House is the most costly building, but a great portion of it is used for mercantile purposes. The theatre itself is not so large as our Academy of Music. 2. There is no way by which we can ascertain how much any star receives. It is probable that Mr. Florence, on some extraordinary occasion, may have received \$350 for his share of one night's performance. Mr. Forrest frequently receives much more. Star actors seldom engage for a definite salary, but receive a percentage on what they draw. 3. Opinion is divided—as to which is the handsomest theatre in the United States—between the Academy of Music, Boston; the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; and Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

AMATEUR.—What's in a name? The play's the thing; and though he may have got the two plays a little mixed up, yet our correspondents' "reliability" is not to be impeached therefor. We are all apt to err at times. Now you are not fanatics, if we criticize things very closely; for in your communication we find the word recommended spelled with two c's, but then we don't pretend to say that you don't know better how to spell it; not at all. Like our Richmond correspondent's mistake in names, it is one of those little errors that will occur with the most careful.

NES.—1. Hoyer says that a player must follow suit, except with the five, knave, and ace of hearts; but we presume the rule is only intended to apply when trumps are led, as we know it to be a pretty general custom to have a good card not trump, by playing an inferior trump. There is no regular rule governing such a case, however, as the custom of the place would take precedence. 2. The king rolls in like manner with the ace, in the rob king rob ace game. 3. Your other questions are beyond our ken.

H. M. P., Deerfield, Mass.—A and B agree to trade watches; to mark privately each his opinion of the proper terms, and also invite C to mark an opinion, and then to trade on the basis of the three marks, or estimates, when produced. A marks \$5 in his favor, B \$5 in his own favor, and C \$5 in A's favor: how shall they trade? From the premises before us, we decide that B shall pay A 50 cents; that sum being the result of giving all the opinions their due weight.

PURDY JOE, Belle Vernon, Pa.—1. There are different laws for different States, fine and imprisonment, or fine alone being the penalty. There is also a law against duelling, but the penalty is seldom inflicted. 2. There is no particular meaning attached to it; it is merely one of those phrases which become popular for a time, and then die out, and leave room for something else. 3. We do not know where or with whom the system originated.

MAX, Boston.—Mr. Jas. Wallack, Son, has only two sons now living, Mr. Lester Wallack, the comedian, and Henry Wallack, late an officer in the British army, and at present a deputy governor of the Milbank Penitentiary, near London. The son you speak of (Charles) has been dead more than five years. He was the predecessor of Mr. Moore, as treasurer of Wallack's Theatre.

GODDARD.—1. The rule says, that where a mistake occurs, the pool is doubled, each player putting up an additional stake, the deal going to the next one on the left. 2. You would be liable, providing there was money pending the result. 3. He is entitled to a fight for such sum as he may have in his possession.

YOUNG NEWS, New Bedford.—The contestants in the great ton mile race at the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 19th, 1844, were: Barlow, Gildersleeve, Greenhalgh, McCabe, Taylor, Underhill, Smith alias Towhead, Steeprock and Jackson. Barlow won, in 54 min. 21 sec.

B. F. M., Camden, N. J.—1. We cannot afford space for your averages for so long a time; furthermore, the bowling analysis you have left out "runs made from," without which the averages are useless; runs per wicket being the chief item. The batting averages are incorrect, also. 2. We publish the challenge elsewhere.

DAVID W., Peckskill.—As the two gentlemen have never contested a four ball carom game, it is only a matter of opinion as to which would win. Good judges differ in opinion in reference to them in this respect. We think, however, that either one would find it difficult to defeat the other.

MINAS.—1. Mr. Chas. Dillon was married several years ago to a Miss Conquest, daughter of Mr. B. Conquest, the present lessee of the Grecian Saloon (theatre) in London. 2. Mr. Dillon is of Irish descent, and has been upon the stage almost from his infancy.

HOLD ON.—1. The old Broadway Theatre would seat 3000 persons. 2. The New Bowery Theatre would seat 4000 persons, and will hold 6000. 3. Mr. G. C. Boniface made his first appearance on the regular stage at the Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. The fight between Hyer and Sullivan took place in February, 1849. 2. The other event that you refer to took place before we started, therefore we have not the exact date. Will try to give you the information next week, however.

LYCOMEN.—1. It is a difficult matter to attempt to decide what breed of fowls are considered the most successful in the pit. 2. We do not know; some doubtless are good, while others, we understand, are not reliable. 3. Those papers are out of print.

CHRISTIE.—"Jackson, the American Deer," the bona fide Jackson, is in England, and a report of his last race will be found in next week's CLIPPER. The person who appeared in your borough is not the original.

BOY, Lafayette, Ind.—In the fight between Australian Kelly and Ned Price, the former was seconded by Jimmy Massey and Harry Gribbin, and the latter by John C. Heenan and Johnny Mackey.

MCNEE, Bangor, Me.—You lose; there are several diamonds in the world larger, and, especially, more valuable than the "Koh-i-noor."

JOHNNY BUNDA, Madison.—We know of no house where you can procure "portraits" of all the actors and actresses, such as Booth, Forrest, Laura Keane, Maggie Mitchell, the Florences, etc.

OSWESKY, Savannah, Ga.—We do not observe your name in the communication. Such a band may be organizing, and yet you may have no knowledge of it.

J. K. P., Patterson.—1. The position is filled. 2. We have no record of the excursion referred to. You had better write to the Mercury or Leader.

READER OF CLIPPER, New Orleans.—At the time of old Dutch Sam's last fight with Tom Belcher, Sam weighed about 132 lbs., and Belcher about 160 lbs.

DEAD GAME.—We have only the books you may see advertised under our Ring head.

W. G. M., Newark.—C has no say in the matter; A and B can make the trump, or bunch them, as they may mutually agree.

T. M. E., The New York Academy of Music. Will seat nearly 3000 people. Its holding capacity is about 4000.

BELLY BOY, Danville.—The trifling incident is very fair evidence that the lady has a "leaning towards you."

H. D., Baltimore.—We don't know the party, and have no such correspondent there. He is "bogus."

J. McK., Kan. Ter.—We are sorry to say that the "spoudulicks" you refer to, came not to hand.

S. B. Batavia.—A Manual of Etiquette, or How to Behave, may be had of Fowler & Wells, 305 Broadway. Price 60 cents.

T. M. L., Mr. Forrest. has played lago, but not within the last twelve years.

C. H. D., New Haven.—We do not care to make the arrangement at present.

L. S., Windsor Locke.—Why not substantiate the report with your name.

OSMAN.—Would like a repetition of the dose, at your convenience.

C. BUSCH, Louisville.—The article is an advertisement.

J. A. S., Mr. Edwin Booth. is about 27 years of age.

G. W. W., Newark, Ill.—The non dealer scores the game.

JOHN C. HEENAN.—We have a letter for you.

NED PRICE.—A letter for you.

W. J. MARSHALL.—We have a letter from York, Eng., for you.

MR. A.—A number of questions remain over for next week. We have had time to gather the information necessary to answer them.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA, AND THE UNCOMMERCE TRAVELLER.—In one large 8vo. volume, we have these two new stories by Charles Dickens—both characterized by that author's best efforts. The former, being a Christmas tale, is specially applicable to the season. In point of construction, it is very striking, and all its characters are types of every day life we are most familiar with. Published by the Peterson Brothers, No. 316 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

GOOD AT HORSE SHOES.—Mr. Thomas Rambo, the Reading Champion Blacksmith, on Friday, the 1st February, again tried his hand at a big job of work, and succeeded in making 350 horse shoes, (all to be used, and among which there is not a single mule shoe,) in eight hours and forty-eight minutes. He says he don't want any blacksmith to notice this, unless he is ready to put up his money to compete with him in a fair trial for supremacy.

SNOW SHOE CHALLENGE.—Mr. La Montagne, who holds the medal for walking and running in snow shoes, in Montreal, was recently challenged by a Montreal gentleman, and the challenge accepted. At the time the match was to have been decided, a severe snow storm set in, and the race was postponed. La Montagne has walked five miles in 4 min. 55 seconds.

TOM SAYERS.—There is no truth in the report in the daily papers that Tom Sayers was among the passengers by the Canada, which reached Boston on the 10th inst. Tom is still in England, fulfilling a sparring engagement. Tom's pretent tour through England is announced as his last, previous to his departure for the United States.

FIGHT! FIGHT!! FIGHT!!!

STARTLING NEWS!

BY TELEGRAPH.

We hasten to lay before our readers a very startling piece of intelligence, and one calculated to disturb the harmonious intercourse hitherto existing between a happy and prosperous family. Coney Island has drawn out from the Great American Metropolis! Fight is now the order of the day. Coney Island has seceded, and the whole place is in a turmoil of excitement. It "went out" at 2 P. M. on the 11th inst. Annexed will be found the latest dispatches: CONEY ISLAND, Feb. 11th—*Supper Time.*

Coney Island has just passed the ordinance of secession, and severed all communication and intercourse with New York. We are wild with excitement. Fortifications are going up rapidly, and the women are foremost in the movement. You can rely on this.

TWO AND A HALF MINUTES LATER!

Even the babes of the Island are in arms, and many of the children are now busily engaged at the breast works. It is a crying evil which has forced them to this.

THREE QUARTERS OF A MINUTE LATER.

It is so. Things wear a strange aspect. Hundreds of the best women of Coney Island are now behind the breast works, and they boldly express their determination to remain there, at all hazards! There is a crisis coming!

ONE QUARTER OF A MINUTE LATER.

We have just learned from a reliable source that, in view of future events, the study of military tactics will be introduced in all the female schools of the State of Coney Island, as the spirited girls declare their willingness to take charge of the infantry, which is about to be raised. Reports from the interior say that many of the men who refused to do duty before, are now wild with excitement, and are drilling nightly, in private, so as to escape the observations of the spies of the Metropolitans. The whole place is in a blaze of enthusiasm, and the gas company has been obliged to suspend, in consequence. Coming events cast their shadows before.

THE VERY LATEST.

We have additional intelligence from the interior, and report says that the infantry are coming forward in good order. It is a work of severe labor, but the brave people mind it not. This is encouraging, and will raise some bright hopes in many a breast work.

ONE MOMENT LATER.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE!—We have it from a straightforward source that the infantry are actually moving. This has caused quite a lively sensation in private as well as public circles. The women will now have to bear the brunt of the battle should coercion be attempted, for the infantry will never be deserted.

MIDNIGHT.

All is serene, and the goose hangs high. I will keep you advised of the future movements of the Coneyackers.

POSTSCRIPT!

TINICUM GONE!

MINUTE AND A HALF LATER.

We stop the press to announce that Tinicum has severed her connection with her late associates in the Union, and captured "Mud Fort," and a "sand bullyman's" shall op. It is a big thing for Tinicum. No other paper has this news!

THE HORSE TAMER AMONG THE FIKKY DEANS.—Mr. Rarey, the horse tamer, gave his first lecture in Philadelphia on the 5th, at the Academy of Music, which was densely crowded on the occasion. As in New York, Mr. Rarey had a number of "vicious" and "refractory" horses on trial, which "he had never seen before," and, as usual, he subjugated them "all over." It is said, however, that Mr. Rarey's system will not hold out—that the taming process has to be repeated—and that even Cruiser, who is brought forward as a "frightful example" at each exhibition, occasionally grows rebellious, and kicks against his "tamer." One animal operated on by Mr. Rarey, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, is said to have had a leg strapped, just as Rarey strapped it, every time she has been handled, for years; and she left the Academy, after the "subjugation," just as devoted to her old tricks as before.

Now, we think it is due to Mr. Rarey, and the public, that those whose horses have been operated on by Mr. R., should give an account of each animal's behavior since the strapping process was tried on them, letting us know whether the taming is lasting in its effects, or only momentary. Come, gentlemen, give in your "experience," so that, if the system is permanently beneficial, as is asserted, the public may have the facts from disinterested parties. If the process is all it is represented to be, it were well that the public should know it. Let us hear from the owners of horses "tamed" at Niblo's, and at the Brooklyn Academy.

A BIG DAY ON THE ICE.—On Saturday last, Feb. 9th, there were nearly five thousand persons at Central Park, to take part in, and witness the skating. All sorts of feats were performed by the skaters, but none, we believe, equal to that performed recently by a skater on the Lake of Geneva, near Namur, Belgium, who made a wager that he would skate for an hour, carrying a basket of eggs on his head without breaking one of them. He accomplished the feat in first rate style, having, during the hour, written his name in elaborate characters on the ice, besides tracing an immense variety of complicated figures, and at last set down the basket and received his wager, amid the cheers of all present. It was a bet well laid, and eggs extraordinarily won.

SCIENCE OF LIFE AND HEALTH.—We are glad to observe that a series of lectures on this important subject, by Mr. E. Y. Robbins, at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, have met with considerable success, to such an extent, indeed, as to suggest a requisition, signed by the most prominent persons in the city, for a repetition of the discourses, at one of the large churches. Among the several salient points of these lectures, the ventilation of buildings is not forgotten; nor the proper means of ensuring it, with the injurious effects accruing from its neglect. Lectures of this practical kind ought to be more general than they are. They are on the increase, we are happy to see, and we shall always be ready to record them.

INDIAN CLUBS.—We have just received a set of Indian Clubs, from their manufacturer, Mr. James May, of Fitchburg, Mass. They are formidable weapons, and altogether very superior to anything of the kind we have ever seen. In the specimens of this weapon we have been hitherto accustomed to, the objections as to weight and size have been general; but by a simple, though skilful contrivance in the Clubs now in our possession, all this is obviated. Each club is furnished with wooden pieces, which, being screwed in the handle, add to the length; at the same time, iron weights or wooden plugs may be enclosed in the hollow, so as to graduate the weight according to the requirement of the user. Without the iron, the weight of each club is 3 lbs.; with them, 10 lbs. As instruments of exercise and add to bodily development, we know of nothing superior to these clubs; and as a further recommendation, they are very cheap, the retail price being only \$2.

SHEPHERD BUSINESS.—In another column will be found a full report of a novel match of sheep dressing which took place in this city last week. It was a right jolly match, and the defeated butcher fairly acknowledged that his mutton was cooked at last. There was a large number of persons present, and at the close of the match they dispersed as quietly as lambs. An illustration of this curious match will be given in our next.

THE ACTRESS OF FORTUNE.—In this issue we commence a new story entitled "The Actress of Fortune, and the Ballet Girl," etc., written expressly for the CLIPPER.

INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

CHAMBERS HEARD FROM.

NEGOTIATIONS STILL PENDING.

COPY OF ARTICLES.

The proposed match for the International Sculling Championship, has not yet been settled, as was stated by a contemporary last week, but negotiations are still pending. By the Canada's mails, which reached here on Monday last, we received a copy of the Articles of Agreement, as drawn up by Mr. Chambers, and sent heretofore Mr. Ward's inspection, and signature, if agreeable to him. The stakeholder, umpire, and referee, it will be seen, have not been named, but will be settled by both parties through their representatives. It has been suggested that R. Ten Broeck, Esq., now in this country, and who is well known throughout England, be selected to act as stakeholder himself, or to name some equally responsible party. The umpires and referee will be chosen from among those well acquainted with aquatic sports, as is the case with such events in England. Mr. Jas. Farrish, Mr. Chambers' representative in this country, has the original articles, which may be seen at his establishment, No. 65 Third Avenue, where also may be seen a copy of the Rowing Rules alluded to. Mr. Farrish has also just received a colored photograph of the celebrated "Clasper Four," embracing the veteran Harry Clasper, J. H. Clasper, Chambers, and Winship, which may be seen there. He intends to have duplicates struck off, to be disposed of to those who wish them.

The following is a copy of the ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT between ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, of the one part, and JOSHUA WARD, of Newburg, U. S. of America, of the other part, to row a right away scullers race of five miles with the stream, without fouling, on the river Hudson, for the sum of Two Thousand dollars a side, Chambers to receive five hundred dollars for his expenses. The sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars on the part of Chambers, and the sum of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars on the part of Ward, to be deposited in the hands of ———, the stakeholder, before Chambers leaves England, and the remaining sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars on the part of Chambers, and the sum of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars on the part of Ward, to be deposited in the hands of the said ———, within twenty-one days after Chambers' arrival in the United States, when the day and place of rowing must be agreed on; such day of rowing to be within twenty-one days after the whole of the money is deposited. Each party to choose an Umpire, and they to choose a Referee, whose decision in case of dispute shall be final. The race is to start by mutual consent, from two boats or buoys placed twenty-five yards apart, and to toss for choice of sides after such boats or buoys have been placed. The race to be rowed according to the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th laws of boat racing as settled by the Thames Regatta, 1860. Both parties to meet three days previous to the race at ——— to appoint Umpires and Referee, and the hour of starting. No steamboats, cutters, or craft of any description, or parties in such steamboats, cutters, or craft, to interfere with the contending parties. Either party failing to comply with the above articles, to forfeit the whole of the stakes.

Signed.

Witnesses { Mr. Ward and his friends will take action in regard to these articles at once. They were submitted to them on Monday evening last, soon after their reception by Mr. Farrish. Their rejoinder will be given in next week's CLIPPER.

MELODY AND MUSCLE are to be respectively illustrated on the evenings of the 14th and 16th insts. at Mr. Abner Brady's Seventh Regiment Gymnasium, No. 20 St. Mark's Place. Music is to be served up at 7 o'clock P. M. by the Seventh Regiment Band, in their inimitable style, after which, at 8 o'clock, gymnastics, in all their variety, will be brought on as a second course. A feast of good things is promised, and we doubt not that Mr. Brady will see to it, that everything is conducted in good order.

BILLIARD MATCH.—The billiard match in England, between Charles Hughes and Wm. Dufton, 1000 up, for \$50 a side, took place on the 21st ult., Hughes winning, scoring 1001 to Dufton's 911. Full particulars will be given in next week's CLIPPER.

WRESTLING BELT.—The contest for the Champion's Belt, took place at Manchester, Eng., on the 19th and 21st ult., and Mr. McDowcroft, of Radcliffe, was proclaimed the winner. The details are deferred until our next.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ale, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numerous portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Reddock, Bob Brettle, Billy Broom, Nat Langham, Thompson, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Giliham, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep.

THE FAIRSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chamber street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair.

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts.

FREE AND EASY, every Wednesday and Saturday evening, at the QUOT SHADES, 273 Spring street, where the refreshments are of the very best quality every day in the week.

MORTON AND LAZARUS.—As we have all along stated, the friends of Morton either lack the dimens, or confidence in their man, for nothing has been done by them towards a match.

CON QUINN ON BIFFIN.—Boston, Feb. 6, '61.—FRANK QUINN.—In the CLIPPER of last week, I noticed an article signed "Lover of Sport," in which it is stated that Biffin had beaten Johnny Maguire, and myself at our exhibition in Boston. The 1st day, as he had no sport whatever with me. After my set-to with Maguire, I was loudly called upon to spar with Biffin, which I did, and after three rounds he was completely used up. It is also said that he defeated Jimmy Hart, for a cup. He never sparred with Hart at that exhibition, but with a drunken man named Johnny MacLaughlin; and it was only after he had been told that the other exhibition, so that Biffin is a professional, he should not have sparred for the belt. To come to the point, however, I will fight James Biffin, at catch weight, for \$1 upwards, or I will fight him a glove fight for fun. I leave here to-day, but a reply through the CLIPPER will be quickly responded to.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF YOUNG BARNEY AARON.—Some months ago we recorded the fact that Young Barney Aaron had been sentenced by 10-12, for imprisonment for alleged offences against the laws. Barney's friends express their confidence in his innocence, and his brother is endeavoring to effect his release, and asks the assistance of the members of the P. R. The following is a letter on the subject, just received by us. We shall be happy to aid in the proposed exhibition.

GLEN VILLAGE, Montgomery County, Feb. 5, 1861. DEAR SIR.—Knowing you to be a friend of all honest patrons of the ring, I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines on a subject which, I hope, may meet your approbation. Some time ago, my brother, young Barney Aaron, had the misfortune to get into bad company in the State of Ohio, for which he is now suffering the penalty of three years' imprisonment, on a charge of which he is as innocent as a newborn babe. I recently heard through a friend that a few dollars might be instrumental in bringing about his release. I therefore appeal to you, as a friend to the unfortunate, to assist in getting up an exhibition in his behalf. I will go to New York, and use my utmost endeavors to induce his friends to set to for him. I have no doubt they will respond to the call. Had he not the misfortune of losing his father, who now sleeps in his grave, Young Barney would not be in his present position. Hoping you will assist in getting up an exhibition for his benefit, I subscribe myself, Yours truly, SOLOMON AARON.

CHALLENGE.—Scranton, Pennsylvania, Feb. 7, 1861.—Hearing that Jonas Fox is anxious for a brush with somebody, I will fight him at 126 or 128 lbs. weight, for from \$100 to \$200 a side, in two months from signing articles, or by notifying me through the columns of the CLIPPER, or sending or writing to me, to Scranton Post Office, Luzerne County, Pa.

ANOTHER ARREST OF FAIR FIGHTERS.—Some time ago we announced that a match for a prize fight had been made between Billy Donnelly and Johnny Hickey, to come off on the 8th of March, for \$300 a side. We have not referred to the affair since, for the reason that we did not think the match would come to a fight, for scarce one match out of a dozen ever reaches the roped arena; or, if so reaching, terminates in a fair and honest manner. As we surmised, the Hickey and Donnelly match is off, both parties having been arrested on the 7th inst., and the sum of \$1000 to keep the peace for one year. The arrests are said to have been made on complaint of Donnelly's father, and Hickey much regrets the termination of the match, as he had been in training, and had incurred sundry expenses in preparing himself for the contest. Having been thus sadly disappointed in the match, Hickey intends giving a sparring exhibition at "Harry Jennings'" 22 White street on Tuesday evening next, February 19th, when he hopes his friends will not forget him.

Match making has become quite a farce in this vicinity, and the P. R. is getting very low in sporting circles hereaway. We have

too many match makers, and too few bona fide fighters. As we saw in a previous issue of the CLIPPER, both sides wish a sure thing, and before going into the ring, and where the programme won't work according to orders, a job is put up; and the match is off. That is retrograding, and will soon become extinct, if a reform is not brought about. Go to Hickey's, he'll be there!

YOUNG DUNWOLD, whose rattling mail with Stockey, of Brooklyn, in Richmond, Va., has been the talk of the town, returned home two weeks ago in fine fettle. It only took him 35 minutes to serve out an experienced boxer of a quarter of a hundred difference in weight, which he did without a break eye. Although of a remarkably ably quiet disposition, it is understood he will keep his eye peeled for anything about his build anxious to get on a match in this neighborhood. He belongs to the 221 Ward, and can hardly be over 18 years of age, yet such is his constitution of mind, that he has fought and defeated four or five sturdy fellows without scarcely receiving any punishment himself. With proper care, he will reach a high position amongst the light weights of this country.

FATTY WALSH was so roughly handled at a house company's ball the other night that he had to be conveyed to the hospital. He had a face and head were terribly cut and bruised by repeated kicks, and he will be disabled for some time. As usual, it was a "double banking" affair, but from what a good knowledge of the man, we are inclined to think he will be square with every one of his assailants, if it takes years to do it.

BILLY DONNELLY and **JOHNNY HICKEY** were arrested on Thursday last, and bound over, by Judge Brennan, in \$1000, to keep the peace. Donnelly's father is said to have caused the arrest. Unusual interest was attached to this match, but, like the past half-dozen affairs of this kind, it has turned out a flash in the pan.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, with the gloves on, are to be exchanged between various schools of the F. F. F. W. on Tuesday evening of this week, 12th inst., at Grand Central Hall, 112 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, for the joint benefit of Misses Cornell, Johnny Larus, and "Yaller" of Fulton Market. "Yaller" Mudge and Johnny intend giving each other "particulars" on the occasion, while almost all the Fancy Fibbers of the Fistic Fraternity of the region round about, are expected to be on hand for a pitch in. Don't forget to make a "pitch" for Grand Central Hall on Tuesday evening.

JOHNNY MACKAY gave a spirited exhibition at his new sparring room, in Cincinnati, on the 12th inst. We have a full report in type, which is crowded in this week.

MONAGHAN'S EXHIBITION, at the Art Union, on the 8th, was very liberally patronized. A full report in our next issue.

NOVEL MATCH AT SHEEP-DRESSING.

BUTCHERDOM HAS A NEW SENSATION.

Development is the order of the day, and no mistake; and New Yorkers are bound to be "in the fun," and would have it, believe it or not, that the "crack of doom" was upon them, providing only that said crack fell Manhattan Island into the sea. There is one thing in which the taste of our people is progressing more than another, it is that of match making; and if there is no passion outstripping and likely to overthrow all others, it is that of championships. And, as upon everything else, the utilitarianism of the age is even sampling into this position, in a manner and to the extent, always at the disposal of the masses, who are inclined to some practical action. Well, "let 'em turn 'em!" It all enlivens the people, to cheer the course of labor, to multiply bad days—in a measure, to prove our teachings true and practicable, and to lead to genuine emulation, to rivalry without animosity, which every case improves every subject it covers, evolves and encourages, and raises the standard of excellence, and of the performers, and cultivates the ability to judge between excellence, and mediocrity, and positive inferiority in the lookers-on at large.

But to the case in hand. Butcherdom has long been on the "water books" of expectation respecting the novel match for \$50 a side to "leg," "pull," "skin," and "dress" five sheep each, putting them in perfect trim for the market, between a young member of the order, by the name of Gorman, and a veteran of the same order, the name named George Macomb, familiarly yeelped "Darby" at the day for settlement came on, expectation grew into excitement, an excitement found its legitimate safety valve in a good deal of "loose talk," and many outside "wagers of battle" from drizzle dollars. Gorman, meanwhile, was steadily at his work, and, as usual, always at his post, so well known to many of our readers, especially since it has been under the care of the penitentiary, and when you add such a match as this in his famous pit, it is quite superfluous to say there was a big crowd to the show, though doubtless some under such an unusual excitement saw it and for the first time. Butcher boys and butcher "girls" were in embryo, bosses, and bosses retired, thin, thick and parlor-dressed were all there.

Though the minutiae of actual preparation were rather slow in developing, at last they did develop to a state of complete readiness, and ten fow, fat, and lively specimens of the ovine race were ushered in. A loss was had for choice of subjects, Gorman was with a slight injury, but he was well known to many of our readers, and to the chances, he took which five he listed. Again a waiter, the order of going in; again Gorman won, and with an appreciable reason, even to outsiders, decreed his rival the linings.

The last point of preparation was now reached, viz., the choice of judges and timekeeper. Messrs. John Massey and Garret Connors were selected for the first five, and the choice of the judges was all the latter. The popularity of these gentlemen and their well known reliability gave ample assurance that these departments would be attended to in a manner above suspicion; as the matter satisfaction which greeted the announcement of the names, testified. As the match did not include butchering, but only extended to dressing, the mere killing of the sheep was not done, and the preliminary, by Dick Slack. As soon as they were pronounced dead, the time keeper audibly pronounced the words "Kick out your legs—go!" and Darby won.

Now was seen a flash of the knife, a stroke, one leg and down another; or both up, or both down, the uninitiated spectators knew where it went to, and three are "legged" and "downed."

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.
FIGHTS TO COME.

1 sides took place, Pistam again going down.

1 sides took place, Pistam again going down.

1. Ogilvie, and Morris on the right eye with the center No. and

the right' terms, win or lose with Jim Mace.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

MIRON'S PROBLEM TOURNEY.

THEO. M. BROWN AND JOHN SCHLESINGER, VICTORS!

As announced in our last, we herewith lay before our readers the very gratifying result of the Editor's Tourney, gotten up as a corollary to the "Clippers Chess Problem Tourney," and embracing a scope of design at once unique and entertaining. Its perfect success in all respects is an ample reward. We anticipate furnishing much amusement to our readers by publishing the series. Of the whole examination and decision has been secured, the Empire being in total ignorance of the author of each several problem; each stood on its own merits alone, and by them to its rank. The best problem has got the first prize; the next, the 2d; the next, "complementary mention"—and so down to the trial and condemnation of the fourth. All, except these last, will appear in our columns; first the prize bearers, then the complementary ones, then the others arranged by lot. The award is as follows:—

CHESSE EDITOR CLIPPER.—Dear Sir:—The enclosed problems have been carefully examined and the results of my labors stated on the margin of each composition. No. XII is strongly recommended by me as deserving of the first prize. No. XIII is justly entitled to the second place, both being beautiful specimens of Chess strategy. Nos. VIII and XV are both worthy of a niche in the Chess column of the CLIPPER; the rest of the problems are scarcely up to the mark.

Yours respectfully, WM. HOKNER.

The numbers given in the above award are those of the competitors in their order of entry. On comparing them with the original, we found the first to be Theo. M. Brown (see Prob. below), the second, by John Schlesinger; the third and fourth by Jas. C. Warner, and Michael B. Jonas, respectively. The annotations upon the margin being "very pretty," and "good." For the rest we find, "pretty," "fair," "very pretty," "pretty good," "neat," "neat, but easy," etc., etc.

The second prize will be forwarded immediately; the first, as soon as issued.

It remains for us but to express our hearty thanks to the so numerous array of friends and contributors who so zealously rallied to our genial standard; and in a most especial manner to our friend, Mr. Horner, who has so kindly devoted his time and talents to the labor of examiner and umpire. We were congratulated on all hands for the high character and assured impartiality of our selection, all expressing themselves satisfied; we now, in turn, congratulate all that accepted, and on the triumphant conclusion of the whole Tourney. We now proceed to reap the fruits, for the amateurs at large. The whole subject will ever recur to us with remembrance of satisfaction and pride. See the CLIPPER for the next three months.

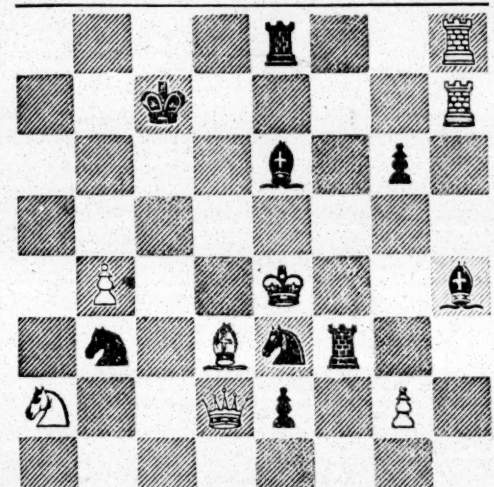
PROBLEM No. 263—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 1.

"Nigri Palmam Ferant."

(First Prize.)

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.

BLACK.
Black to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 263.

The second part of the match in the Free Tournament at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between N. Marache and Wm. Richardson.

KING'S GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4	16. K to B7 (g)	K to P7
2. P to B4	2. P to P4	17. Q to B7	Q to B7
3. K to B3	3. P to Q4	18. Q to P7	K to B7
4. K to P4	4. K to B3	19. K to B7	Q to P7
5. K to B4	5. K to B3	20. Q to Q7	Q to Q7
6. Q to B4	6. Q to B3	21. K to K7	K to K7
7. P to Q4	7. Q to B3	22. R to P7	R to P7
8. Q to B3	8. Q to B3	23. K to P7	K to P7
9. Q to B3	9. Q to B3	24. Q to R7	Q to R7
10. K to K3	10. K to R4	25. R to B7	K to K7
11. K to K3	11. K to R4	26. R to B7	Q to R7
12. Q to B4	12. Q to B4	27. R to B7	K to K7
13. Q to K4	13. Q to B4	28. R to K7	K to Q7
14. P to K3	14. Q to K4	29. R to K7	Q to B7
15. Q to K4	15. P to K3	30. P to Q7	Q to B7

(a) Practically acknowledging the inefficiency of his demonstration on the King's flank. He now loses time and position.

(b) This is what the boys at the "Morphy" call "coming a coup" on a feller. "This is a brilliant and ingenious conception, and the combination, and correct which follows, is of the most spirited and entertaining description."

(c) To win a piece, which he does, too; but with such promptness and spirit is met, that the next three moves virtually decide the battle against him.

(d) This Attack, throughout, is conducted by our contributor with a courage, spirit, and correctness worthy of very high praise indeed.

It is proper to remark that Mr. Marache won the other two parties which, with this, constituted the match; but this is far the best of the three.

Sparkling little parties recently played in Scotland, Herr Kolisch giving Q to K to Mr. Fraser.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

MUZIO GAMBIT.

Herr Kolisch.	Mr. Fraser.	Herr Kolisch.	Mr. Fraser.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4	9. Q to K5	P to B3
2. P to B4	2. P to B4	10. Q to B3	K to B3
3. K to B3	3. K to B3	11. K to B3	K to B3
4. K to B4	4. P to K5	12. Q to B3	K to B3
5. Castles	5. K to P4	13. Q to B3	K to B3
6. P to Q4	6. P to Q4	14. Q to B3	K to B3
7. P to B4	7. P to B4	15. R to B4	Q to R7
8. Q to B3	8. Q to B3	16. Q to K5	Q to R7

(e) A favorite and most practised variation of the "Muzio," some twenty and twenty-five years ago.

(f) This, and the following move, to the end, are capitally played by Herr Kolisch.

(g) Could check with Rook, and mate next move.

OHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—By Henry Bryant, pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUINN, editor New York Clipper, No. 29 Nassau Street, New York.

CHALLENGE.—I will play a game of Draughts (Chequers) through the CLIPPER, with one of your contributors (no matter whether I expect a most inglorious defeat, for a Bard and set of men (value \$80 & 84). Let him, or her, who accepts, choose men and make a move, and then "the Ball will go on again." BRYANT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C. Williamsburgh, N. Y.—Thanks for Position. One grace our column this week.

O. T. S., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—We start you with Mr. Knight in the present No. as you may perceive. Propel.

Wm. S. Kington, New York.—O. T. S. chooses Black men, and moves 11.15. Let the game progress in a lively style—and "may the best man win."

C. M. W., West Petersburg, Mass.—The Position is on file for examination. Have patience.

BRYANT, Middleport, Pa.—Your challenge appears above; with regard to a deposit, we have only to suggest that if made at all, the parties are alike "called on to put in an appearance."

H. Spavins, Buffalo, N. Y.—We give the last on hand (except one) this week.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 74.—Vol. VIII.

BY CONTRA.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 32 to 27	23 to 22	3. 5 to 12	5 to 14
2. 3 to 8	14 to 23	4. 12 to 10	and wins

SOLUTION OF STURGES TENTH POSITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 12 to 16	24 to 20	3. 10 to 1	11 to 7
2. 15 to 10	20 to 11	4. Black wins by having the move.	

GAME No. 40.—VOL. VIII.

From the American Draught Player.

IRREGULAR.—BY J. D. JANVIER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 15	22 to 27	10. 6 to 9 (c)	27 to 24 (h)
2. 8 to 11	25 to 22	11. 3 to 8	32 to 27 (c)
3. 9 to 18	23 to 18 (a)	12. 8 to 12	30 to 25 (j)
4. 12 to 16 (b)	17 to 14	13. 12 to 16 (b)	25 to 21
5. 10 to 17	21 to 14	14. 2 to 6 (d)	22 to 17
6. 16 to 19 (c)	24 to 20	15. 15 to 22 (a)	24 to 8
7. 6 to 10 (d)	29 to 25 (e)	16. 4 to 11	16 to 23 (a)
8. 10 to 17	25 to 21 (f)	17. 9 to 18	23 to 14
9. 1 to 6	21 to 14	18. 6 to 10	27 to 23

NOTES.

(a) 29 to 25 loses. (b) 6 to 9 draws. (c) 16 to 20 draws. (d) 6 to 9 loses. (e) 20 to 25 loses. (f) 20 to 16 loses. (g) 6 to 10 loses. (h) 27 to 23 loses. (i) 20 to 16 loses. (j) 27 to 23 loses. (k) 13 to 17 draws. (l) 4 to 8 draws. (m) 13 to 22 loses. (n) 14 to 10 loses.

For play on all the above variations see American Draught Player.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.

Black—Mary.	White—J. A. J.
2. 15 to 22	25 to 14
3. 8 to 11	29 to 25

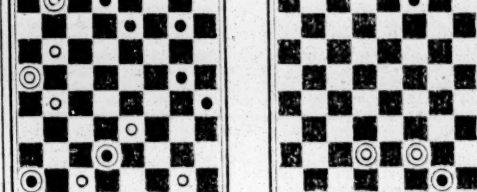
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KINGTON.

Black—O. T. S.	White—W. S. K.
1. 11 to 16	

POSITION No. 76.—VOL. VIII.

THE 11th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY A. B. C.



WHITE.
An exceedingly neat position.—(E.)

BLACK.
Back to move and win.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES.

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Bill (Dolly) Smith—His Battle with Hares.

The above milling here is a native of Hammondsmith, and it seems that he has practised with much effect upon the nobles of numerous Johny Hares in that neighborhood previous to entering the prize-ring. He is a lively, active boxer, ready to time, and completely on the alert when contending with his man. He is in height 5 feet 4 inches, and a half, and about 11 stone in weight. His frame is round and compact, and he does not want for either strength or courage; neither is he destitute of science; but determined, milling seems to be his decided forte. Smith entered the lists with Hares, for a purse of twenty-five guineas, given by the Pugilistic Club, at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," on Monday, May 3, 1874. Hares, in conquering Bill, not only proved himself a game man, but also displayed some traits of scientific knowledge; and had, previous to the present combat, fought with Smith; but, after fighting about three rounds, his neck got so much twisted from a severe fall, that he was then unable to proceed, and it was postponed till another opportunity. They were both what is termed "little ones," and set to with great spirit and confidence.

Round 1. It seemed that a good mill was now determined upon between the combatants, and that a slight taste would not suffice this time, so at it they went, without any ceremony; and after a few blows were exchanged, Hares was levelled.

2. Hares had scarcely prepared himself to get to, when Smith attacked him with so much impetuosity, that all attempts to resist were unavailing, and with his right hand he again milled down his opponent.

3. Smith, full of spirit, after a few hits had passed, levelled his man. Hares put in a good blow and got away, but Smith, no ways deterred, kept following till he hit him down.

4. After a few hits, they closed and both went down.

5. Hares kept milling and retreating, but was ultimately sent down.

7. The activity displayed on both sides was lively in the extreme; but Smith put in such a sander, that levelled his opponent under the ropes.

8. Hares portrayed that he was possessed of science, and his blows in general were well directed, but the gaiety of Smith triumphed over all his skill, and again sent him down.

9. Smith made play, and some brisk fighting took place, but Hares went down.

10. Hares, quite fresh and unimpaired of what had passed, pulled away in good style, but notwithstanding Smith bored him down.

11. The advantage was completely on the side of Hares in this round, who, with much dexterity and punishment, severely flogged Smith down.

12. Milling on both sides, and in closing, Hares was thrown.

13. On setting to Smith levelled his antagonist.

14. A few blows were exchanged, rather to the disadvantage of Hares, who again went down.

15. An uncommonly good round, and both on the alert. Hares doing considerable execution with his left hand, and ultimately gave Smith a clean knock down place.

16. A most courageous and manly round, and in closing, both went down, but Smith undermost.

17. A short round, and in closing, both again down.

18. After a sharp rally, they came to close, and both fell.

19. Hares put in two severe hits right and left, and punished Smith considerably, who was milled down.

20. Smith went down from a cross but not back.

21. Both hit together, and Hares endeavored to put in a severe left-handed blow, but Smith very neatly stopped it, when they closed, and both fell.

22. Hares with his left hand levelled his opponent, but who, notwithstanding, jumped up with great gaiety.

23. A well-contested round, and sharp fighting on both sides. In closing, they both fell, but Smith undermost.

24. Hares, however fond of the retreating system, stood up manfully, and dealt out very often severe punishment with his left hand. In closing, both fell.

25. Hares with much science, measured his distance well, and levelled his opponent.

26. In this round also, Hares took the lead, and his left hand was seen flourishing away in prime time. Smith's nob showed severe traits of punishment, and the career was fast tricking down his face, but he milled away with perfect sang froid, till he was levelled.

27. Resolution and better fortune were never exhibited by any pugilist, than by these two "little ones." They often hit together, and such reciprocal boxing was scarcely ever witnessed. This round was famously contested, till they closed, and both went down.

28. Such gaiety was seldom seen, and notwithstanding to marry hand and punishing rounds had passed, they were both upon the alert, hitting and stopping as if the battle had just commenced. They closed and both fell.

29. Hares rallied in grand style, and went in and hit Smith down.

30. So much activity, displayed on both sides reminded the spectators of two game-cocks. They appeared to be always ready. No difference was yet made. Hares endeavored continually to hit and get away, and at times was very successful. Some blows were exchanged, when they both went down.

31. Hares, with considerable dexterity, put in a tremendous leaver in the wind of his antagonist, which levelled him in a twinkling.

32. The gaiety of Smith astonished every one. He was always levelled away and striking close to Hares. The latter received so severe a blow upon one of his peppers, that it sent forth the claret in all quarters.

33. On commencing this set to, Hares levelled his antagonist.

34. Sharp milling, when both went down.

35. The rounds were now short. In struggling for the throw, they both fell.

36. Hares put in a left-handed hit and got away, and Smith in pursuing him received another blow, when sent him down.

37. Hares, from the success of the last round, went in with great confidence, and a sans ceremony made Smith again measure his length on the grass.

38. The comb of Smith exhibited a queer aspect, and it might be said, putting a new face upon the matter. On setting to weakness showed itself, and their blows appeared rather feeble. They soon closed, and both went down.

39. A few blows were exchanged, when Hares got his opponent's head under his right arm, and flogged him so terribly, that he went down.

40. Considering the length of the battle this was a most excellent round. Some hard hits passed between them, when they closed, and both fell.

41. Smith commenced with spirit, and, although he fell from a trifling hit, the round was decidedly in his favor.

42. Smith now appeared composed, and the gaiety he displayed astonished all the spectators. He put in a most tremendous hit, that knocked Hares down.

43. Smith bled considerably, and seemed determined to win off, but if activity in his favor. He went in with great spirit, and with the force he used in mulling down his opponent, he also fell.

44. Hares betrayed great weakness, but no want of pluck, and bodily faced his man, though he has soon levelled.

45. Smith was quite a hero in this round. He hit and stopped with great facility. Hares stood no chance with him, and was not on his feet for a moment, but was soon levelled.

46. The game of Hares was still prominent, and anxious to obtain a change in his favor, he nobly contested this round and exchanged some good hits. They closed, and both went down.

47. This round was little more than a trial of strength in closing, when they both fell.

48. Hares, notwithstanding his weak state, by a well directed blow, levelled Smith.

49. Hares was now much exhausted, and his head and body exhibited great variety of punishment, and bleeding most copiously, yet still he managed to exchange a few hits, when he fell from weakness.

50. Last Hares, upon setting to, was immediately knocked down. He was anxious to retract the fight, but his friends interfered, and Smith was declared the victor.

Smith and Hares, in the above combat, completely proved, "that height does not make the man!" Gaiety could not have shown more manhood and resolution than these little heroes did in a severe conflict, sustained with equal ardor on both sides, for the length of fifty-eight minutes. Bravery, game, and science were not wanting in either of them, and it was not till upwards of forty rounds had elapsed, that any material difference was to be perceived between them, and even at that period, nothing like certainty, as to the ultimate event. No conqueror ever retired from the scene of action with a severer milling than did Smith. Both of them were most dreadfully punished.

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51. Smith commenced with spirit, and, although he fell from a trifling hit, the round was decidedly in his favor.

52. Smith now appeared composed, and the gaiety he displayed astonished all the spectators. He put in a most tremendous hit, that knocked Hares down.

53. Smith bled considerably, and seemed determined to win off, but if activity in his favor. He went in with great spirit, and with the force he used in mulling down his opponent, he also fell.

54. Hares betrayed great weakness, but no want of pluck, and bodily faced his man, though he has soon levelled.

55. Smith was quite a hero in this round. He hit and stopped with great facility. Hares stood no chance with him, and was not on his feet for a moment, but was soon levelled.

56. The game of Hares was still prominent, and anxious to obtain a change in his favor, he nobly contested this round and exchanged some good hits. They closed, and both went down.

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THE
"COCK OF THE WALK;"
OR, THE
BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY J. MARTIN LANE,

AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF
HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

"Well!" said that worthy individual, who had sat quietly smoking away, even after the appearance of firearms, "it's a short horse and you can run him down in two minutes. The whole of the matter is just here:—That ere person's—I call him an infernal scoundrel, and if anybody wants to take it up they can do it—that ere person's sister married a man by the name of Lee, and this young boy here is a son of that marriage; and there was a big pile of money in the family, and old Cathcart wanted it all; so after his sister was dead he hired another scoundrel, as wicked as himself, but a vast sight bolder, to kill both the man and the child. And they killed the man in this room, but the child escaped, for Henry Lee had sent his boy away into the country; and this old scoundrel pretended to the old man of all that they both were dead, and so he got all the property, and much good it has done him!—for I'll bet Wall Street to a peanut stand that he hasn't slept a night since; and when this young fellow grew up he knew the story in part—all but who killed his father—and he came here with his papers to show who he was and take his own, for there's some law or other yet left in the cursed crooked statutes that gives him half the property; and as soon as old Cathcart knew he was coming to town he set his bounds on his track, and they roared hollow. 'Yes, you have made a wonderful improvement—a boy and two rowdies, and now you've added a crazy woman to your menagerie! Really, the thing is got up in an artistic manner—considering who are the proprietors.'"

"It's all a lie, he!" he roared, exclaiming Cathcart, recovering his presence of mind in some measure under the piercing glance of Campbell—"A boy and two rowdies!"

"A lie, is it?" said Bill, drawing himself up to his full height—"A lie, is it, you old hard-hearted, small-souled scoundrel! Perhaps you never hired Pete Maddocks to do the business! You never hired him to kill our boy here! You never hired him to put a knife into my father's back! You never hired him to cut the throat of Henry Lee! A boy and two rowdies! Just hold on! for there's more yet. Bring in the woman, Puffy!"

Puffy Joe started from the room, and in a few moments returned, bringing in the strange woman he had found on the steps. Cathcart trembled at the footstep, but as soon as he could discern her features he became more assured, for he had never seen her before.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed Campbell, almost frightened at the wild eyes and the unearthly palor.

"I am Josephine Maddocks," she replied, "the wife of the man who was hired by Joseph Cathcart to kill the person who was murdered in this room. He told me of it in his sleep; for he talked of his struggle with the man he killed for nights afterwards, till he poisoned my whole life, and when he found out that I knew his secret he tried to murder me. He thought that he had succeeded—but I have returned back from the tomb to tell him that his hour is almost come. I met him and the blood was still upon his hand, for the ocean could never wash it out; it was enough to crimson the very sea that rolls upon the shores of eternity, and I warned him that the hour had come!"

"Yes! yes!" burst in Cathcart, whose presence of mind was fast becoming developed as the dangers thickened about him, but his words were bitter and the laugh seemed hollow. "Yes, you have made a wonderful improvement—a boy and two rowdies, and now you've added a crazy woman to your menagerie! Really, the thing is got up in an artistic manner—considering who are the proprietors."

All were astonished at the audacity thus manifested by Cathcart in such a terrible crisis, and they could not help feeling a sentiment of something like respect for a man who grew bolder and bolder as the tide of fortune rolled stronger and stronger against him.

"Come—come! gentlemen," he continued, "is this all your game—have you played all your cards?"

"We've got one more," said that who it had hard to beat, my Christian friend," said Puffy.

"We shall have to bring Maddocks on," said Bill, with an inquiring glance to Joe.

The mention of that name caused a tremor in the muscles of Cathcart.

"If you've got Maddocks, bring him along! I'd give my right hand to see him," exclaimed Campbell.

"I don't presume Mr. Cathcart will be delighted at the meeting," said Puffy. "It cost him a cool ten thousand the last time he saw Peg Morrissey's cousin."

Cathcart sprang up at this as though he was bitten by an adder. "Do these men know every thing?" thought he, but he said nothing.

"I haven't seen Pete yet," said Bill; "but I know where he is and I can bring him."

"Where is he?" inquired Campbell.

"Down here to Foxy's," replied Foster.

"No—he's not there! I've searched those premises through for him three times, and you may save your time. It's no go."

Campbell imparted this information with a sigh of regret. He wanted an interview with Pete, bad.

"But I tell you he's there, Chas. There's a rope down there that only three know—old Foxy and I, and Pete Maddocks. But Pete never dreamed that Bill Foster was the man who had the password. Yes!—and there's another rope that nobody knows but me, and I've got to take hold of that to-night."

With these words Bill started towards the door.

"But have you got Pete up?" inquired Campbell.

"I tell you I haven't seen him, but he isn't tied up here."

"How then are you going to fetch him along? He's a desperate fellow, and he always goes armed."

"You don't suppose I'm afraid of Pete Maddocks, do you?" said Bill, with a laugh of scorn.

"No, of course not; but you can't carry the 'Honey-suckle' off under your arm as you would a baby. You'll have to kill him—and we want his live body more than his dead carcass. Let me go with you, Bill, for I want to see this whole matter through, and hear Pete's story."

"Yes, take Chas. along with you, Bill; for you're bound to have a row, and if you went alone I'm afraid you'd get excited and break the rascal's neck. Yes, take Campbell along—he's lively in a brush himself, and there'll be some loud words drawn that rat out of his hole. As for me and Charley, we'll stay and keep an eye on this old white-washed scoundrel, and you'll find him here when you come back—if you don't you may take them ere straps!"

Bill was a little unwilling, but suffered himself to be convinced by his friend's reasoning and started off with Campbell, much to the delight of Cathcart, who knew that Pete was armed and desperate, and he believed that either, if they found him, would come back alive.

Bill led the way with a small dark lantern which he took from the table. After they had quitted the room and closed the door, instead of seeking the street he passed through several rooms, and finally descended the stairs into the cellar.

Campbell followed him unhesitatingly, for he knew that Bill had extremely well developed eye teeth and knew into the secrets of Chas. "said he; 'but you've got a close mouth. There's a way down here that no man in New York knows except me—unless it's old Cathcart, who owns the premises, and I'll bet a hundred to a quarter that he don't know where it brings up.'"

Saying this they arrived at one of the brick arches of the cellar, into which Bill entered. The wall was covered with mould that had remained undisturbed for years. "It's four years since I've been through here," continued Bill, searching for an old door which he at last found and opened. The dim light revealed to view beyond them a small subterranean passage just large enough for one man to pass at a time.

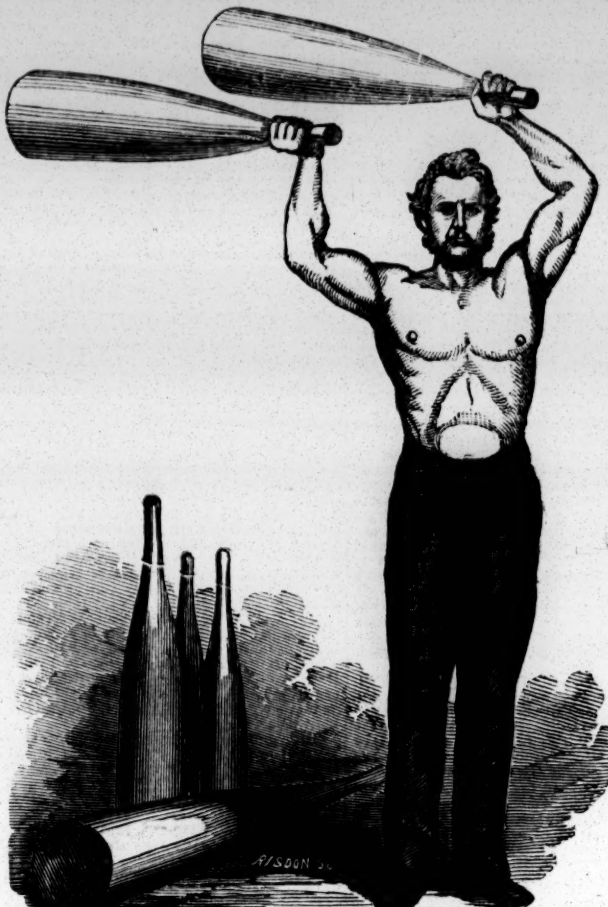
"Now keep quiet, Campbell, and follow me. You may take the lantern and shut the side, for we can't lose our way, and I want both hands to use. There's a panel at the end of this that takes us right into the room where I suspect Pete Maddocks is lodged. I'm hiding myself in the same place and I found out the secret, and that's why Joe and I took possession above. But come along and keep easy."

The two men proceeded silently for some distance, until Bill stopped and listened for a minute for any sound, with intense anxiety. At length he pressed his finger on the spring the panel opened and a ray of light shot through into the passage. In the quick glance they took through the opening they saw, standing in the middle of the room, a man full dressed who turned his head quickly at the noise made by the secret spring. It was Pete Maddocks, with his hand to his forehead.

No time was consumed by Bill Foster in contemplating the black countenance of the "Honey-suckle," as like a tiger he sprang into the room. But quick as was the movement, Pete was still quicker, and before Bill had passed over half the distance that separated them the ready pistol was raised and fired. There was no time for the chamber to revolve for a second shot, for Bill Foster was upon him, and as he closed in his dim grasp, the hand that had the pistol.

"Come you!" hissed Pete between his teeth as the men clinched, "it's life or death to-night between us both, Bill Foster!"

The struggle that ensued between them was fierce and terrible. Both were of far more than ordinary strength, and in the full time of mad blood, Campbell, who was watching anxiously for an opportunity to join, could see no chance, so rapid were their movements as they went with short, quick steps across and around the



GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

Wm. Wood, (of Gooderson's & Wood's Gymnasium, 93 and 95 6th Avenue, opposite 8th street,) in the Indian Club Exercise—weight of Clubs, 30 lbs. each.

Pete had dropped his pistol and the two were engaged in a trial of strength, with their hands fast hold of each other's arms. By the dim light Campbell could see the countenances of them both, as they rapidly whirled by him, working with the fierce passions that were raging within. Pete's dark, repulsive, and hateful; while Foster's plainly showed that his whole soul was in the work. The scales for a long time hung even, for Pete knew that he was engaged in a contest that involved his life, and he put forth almost superhuman exertions. At length, when the struggle began to tell upon the tight drawn muscles of both, Foster, who had been reserving a portion of his strength for a decisive effort, drew slowly towards himself the large form of Maddocks, and then with tremendous power flung him off crashing down against the wall of the room. Before he could recover from the shock, or gain his feet, Bill was upon him, and despite his struggles, laid him over upon his face and held his arms securely in his iron grasp above his back.

"Here, Chas., just take your handkerchief and take a turn round his elbows," said Bill in a calm tone. "Rather lively, wasn't it, for about three minutes? I thought at first that it might be necessary to let go the hold and give him one clip, but I saw pretty soon that he hadn't got the wind for such a brush, for he's drunk too much brandy in the last three months."

In a moment they had effectually deprived Pete of the use of his hands.

"Let me feel your arm, Bill," said Campbell, as they rose to their feet. "You've got a cast iron muscle—and you need it, too, my boy, for I never saw a prettier thing done in all my life. Some of our men think that I could lay you out, Bill; but they're laboring under a great mistake, for I should have to let out the job. But come, let's go along. Get up Pete, Graves has confessed it all, and you're wanted."

But the "Honey-suckle" sulkily refused to stir, and the two men took him in their arms and carried him along—a situation that soon became so disagreeable to him that he begged the privilege of walking. Foster led the way and Campbell brought up the rear, and between them Maddocks moved sulkily along, wondering where they were going. All his doubts were soon set at rest when the doors were opened and he was ushered into the room where they were waiting for him.

His quick eye took in everything at a glance. He noticed the people. He noticed the room, Cathcart, Josephine, Charley, the spots upon the wall, the stains upon the floor, and he knew it in a moment that the game was played out.

"Hello, Honey-suckle!" said Puffy at his entrance; "much obliged to you for calling round. Let us introduce you to a select company that have done us the honor to be present at our little Tea Party. This is Mrs. Maddocks, a lady that you probably recollect, inasmuch as you desired her happiness so much as to be willing to relieve her from all the cares of this sinful world; and this is Mr. Charles Lee, the gentleman whom you robbed the other evening, and whose father you killed about thirteen years ago, and this is Mr. Joseph Cathcart, the villain who hired you to do it, and this is the room where you did it—you've seen it before!"

Pete gazed round at all with a stony, unshaken countenance, and with a familar nod to Cathcart said to him: "Well, Cathcart, we're run under, at last!"

"I don't know what you mean by addressing me in that manner," replied he. "I never saw you before!"

"That is rich, old fellow!—rich in the extreme! Some shortening in that, ain't there, Puffy?" said Pete with a laugh, for he knew that he at least was done for, and he was willing to involve in his ruin all that he could. "I killed Mr. Lee in this room, and you stood by and saw me do it, and you bribed the watchman who saw us leave this house together. Do it if you can—if you will—if you dare!"

"Really, Mr. Campbell," said Cathcart coolly, "it seems to me you'd be attending more to your duty if you'd take away this man, who seems to be a murderer by his own confession, and leave him where he belongs, in the hands of the law!"

"And you," exclaimed Pete, fiercely, "where would you be? You would confide in your position, in your wealth, in your influence, to save you from the hatred that is to encircle my neck—and you could do it! Which is the worse, the person who tempted a poor young man to commit his first crime, or him who weakly yielded to the persuasions of the tempter? I tell you, Joseph Cathcart, that I was honest till I knew you, and would have been in this day if I had not come across you in accused track. And now—I am what I am! And you have done it. And you think while I go to the scaffold that you will riot secure in your luxury, while this body is swinging in the winds of Heaven! You've made thirteen years of my life years of villainy and crime, but as there's a God in Heaven I'll redeem them all with one good deed!"

While Pete Maddocks was thus speaking, stung to madness at the situation in which he was placed, and at the consciousness of the doom that would befall him, the idea insinuated itself into his mind that Cathcart, and not his own evil passions, was the author of his calamities and his crimes. With a kind of perverse reasoning, but extremely natural, he came to a conclusion that he had been most wretchedly abused and most foully wronged by Cathcart, and that Cathcart was gloating over the success of his efforts. Perhaps as the course of events, the circumstances that had taken place during the past few days, had in some measure deranged his mind. Certain it is that at the conclusion of his last sentence, bursting the knots that bound his arms, he sprang forward, drawing a knife from his bosom, and plunged it full in the heart of Cathcart. So sudden was the movement that it was impossible for any one to interfere before the thing was done, and done completely.

Just then, when Pete sprang forward they all jumped towards him at once, the report of a pistol rang through the room, and Maddocks fell lifeless across the lifeless body of Cathcart. Every one turned instantly, but they could see no firearms and nothing but the thin smoke curling slowly up above them all.

"Who fired that shot?" said Campbell.

"Yes! who fired that shot?" said Bill, looking into every corner of the room.

"Who could have fired it?" joined in Puffy, with a countenance of surprise.

But no one knew anything about it. It was very strange, too; no doors had been opened, no person had entered or left the room; and, as a general proposition, pistols don't go off without somebody's finger on the trigger, and a bullet don't hit a man on the upper edge of the ear and go into his hand without somebody's eye tracing its course in advance. But still there was a man shot—there was no doubt about that, and nobody did it.

"Well!" said Campbell, looking at the thing in its legal consequences, "I don't know that there's any use of pushing the inquiry any too far. Here was a man killing another, and somebody tried to prevent it. Perhaps Cathcart did it himself. It was all done at the same moment, but the shot was a shade late. A little unfriendly for Cathcart, perhaps, on that account; but it was done with a good intention."

Charley said nothing, but sat with his face buried in his hands. Josephine had already left the room, and they heard the door closed behind her.

"There's a little job here for the Coroner in the morning," continued Campbell.

continued Campbell, "and considerable of a job for the lawyers; because Cathcart here has left no relations except you, Mr. Lee, and you'll have no difficulty in getting the fortune that belongs to you. Let me congratulate you on that account. And now perhaps we'd better leave this spot. The associations can't be very pleasant to you here, and I'll take you along with me to-night, for I want Bill and Puffy to remain in charge of the premises till to-morrow."

"All right!" said Bill; "we'd as lief stay as not, hadn't we, Puffy?"

"In course we had! I wasn't much afraid of 'em when they was alive, and I'm pretty sure I ain't afraid now."

Charley took the proffered arm of Campbell and started, after shaking hands cordially with his two friends.

"I shall see you both soon," he murmured, "and shall endeavor to discharge the immense obligation under which I am placed by you."

"It's all right, boy!" said Bill energetically; "and whenever you want a friend just hold on, and send for Joe Bates and Bill Foster."

"Good bye! Good bye!" said Puffy, giving him a grasp of the hand, "and when you get into your paternal estate I may have to ask you to lend me a quarter!"

"Puffy," said Bill, lighting a cigar as soon as Charley and Campbell were gone, "that was a splendid shot, only Puffy"—and Bill gave a facetious kind of a wink—"as Campbell says, it was a little shade or so late."

"Rather," replied Puffy, grinning; "but the fact was that it was about time for Cathcart to get P. O. marked on him; and as for the 'Honey-suckle,' he was too bold a man to die with a Manila necktie on his handsome throat; and I couldn't help feeling under some little obligation to him for settling up Cathcart's case."

"Joe," said Bill, after they had smoked for a while in silence, each occupied with his own cogitations, "now that we've got this little business all arranged as smooth as a York shilling, I'll kinder walk up town in the morning and see Henrietta, for she's a nice little gal—ain't she, Puffy?"

"Well, old cock," replied Puffy, "if you're running on that track I shall go down in the morning and carry a new basket to Bridget McLaughlin; but, if he added with a laugh, 'before I do it I'll get me a pair of cast iron trousers.'"

Readers, our story is now told. The curtain has fallen, the footlights extinguished, and the actors have gone home. We have left Bill Foster and Joe Bates in the full enjoyment of life, health, and activity; and perhaps at no distant day we may give another chapter in the lives of "Puffy Joe" and the "Cock of the Walk."

THE END.

NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH.—The following is an amusing account of a hunt without the usual results, which recently took place near Sacramento:—"Two or three hunting men left the city with four or five greyhounds, in pursuit of hare. On reaching Andrus' ranch, in Franklin township, they had the good fortune in a few minutes to start up a splendid fellow, which was of course to become an easy prey to the dogs. He started off in fine style, and leaving the willows of the slough on the north, took the open ground. The race of hare, hounds and horsemen was truly exciting. The hare made a circuit of a mile and a half or more, and coming back to the slough, he was seen by the dogs, but he was not seen by the hunters. He had evidently not learned his portion of the role; he was ignorant of the fact that the grand finale should have been his own destruction in the jaws of his pursuers. The hunters, however, were undaunted. They only wanted another chance to demonstrate what their dogs could do. In the course of an hour or two a second hare, a third and a fourth were started up, and all with the same result. The race in each case was full of life and interest, but the unfortunate habit of the hare of running so fast rendered a capture in either case impracticable. Our hunters were advised by the ranchmen of the vicinity, that if they wished to catch game in that section it would be well to take down next time better running stock for the purpose. They, in return, promised themselves the ranchmen and the hare, that they would make it all right next time."

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